

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Leaves Negro Problem to Wiser Heads Than His.

Atlanta Constitution.

I reckon there are enough philosophers to solve the race problem and save the country without further assistance from me, and so I will swear off for the present. I don't care much whether the negro goes to Africa or Arizona or stays here. If he stays here he has got to stop his devilment or take the consequences, and I'm willing to trust the people on that line. But of all the absurd remedies that have been proposed none are more so than a change of venue and a trial in five days in some distant county. County lines do not bound the fierce indignation of a people horrified and enraged over such fiendish work as that of Sam Holt and Will Lucas. And besides, just think of the machinery that has to be set in motion to summons and convey thirty or forty witnesses to a distant county, and even then perhaps no trial or a mock trial that disregards the forms of law and the rights of the criminal. No, that is no remedy.

But I've sworn off. Let the wise men settle it, though I confess I was surprised when I read that Governor Candler had just discovered that education was the only remedy that would stop the commission of these heinous crimes. According to statistics of New York and Massachusetts, taken from their State prisons and published to the world, education fosters and increases crime—not a little, but immensely. The governor's theory has been long since exploded. And right here in Georgia the uneducated negro before the war and for a few years after was moral and law-abiding and now there are 4,000 in the State and county chaingangs, 75 per cent of whom can read and write.

But I forbear. I had rather ruminate about pleasanter things, though I must protest against this utterly untenable basis of all the negroes being good negroes excepting 5 per cent. Mr. Inman started it, and I see that Bishop Gaines takes comfort from it in his beautiful and impressive sermon of last Sunday. It is a delusion and a snare. Nearly 5 per cent of their voting population are now in the chaingangs, and it is safe to say that if every one who steals was arrested and punished it would add 10 per cent more to the black army of convicts. Petty larcenies are common in every household where they are employed, but they are not brought to court. These little pilferings are crimes, but the crimes are condoned—overlooked—for they have some good qualities, and their service is needed. It is a race trait, and develops with education, especially among the younger negroes. The records of the courts prove that the percentage of small larceny and burglary grows faster than their population increases. City negroes and town negroes are more addicted to it than country negroes, for they have more education and more opportunities. This fear of the law as it is now does not deter them. The fear of the lash would. But we can worry along with their little pilferings on the principle that a cook we once had declared to me when I reproved her for stealing: "You don't miss what I takes." It is the greater crimes that now give our people deep concern and these will be quickly and terribly avenged. Our people, especially the country people, are in desperate earnest, and neither law nor lawyers nor the horns of the altar will protect a brute in human form, whether he be white or colored.

But what makes my thoughts and my pen glide along on this subject? My wife is calling me now to come there and bring the stepladder. She wants the vines on the trellis tied up, and I am the boy. That ladder is old and rickety and I am subject to vertigo sometimes. I'm afraid of that ladder, but never in my life did I admit to her that I was afraid of anything, and so I will mount that ladder with all the alacrity I can. The time was when I had black boys and white ones, too, to wait on me, but now I have to tote my own skillet and nurse the grandchildren, too. There are two little ones here half the time and they love me dearly and I have to stop writing whenever they say so. They want me in the garden to get flowers or pick strawberries or make sand houses or mud pies or get some water or something to eat, and I have to follow them around or carry the little one while my wife is making some more little dresses for them. Their mother has no servant and lets them come up here by themselves to be petted while she is sewing or cooking or playing on the piano. My wife and I do more work nowadays than we ever did in our lives, but it is sweet work and we like it. How the children and grandchildren will get along when our time is out and we are off duty I cannot see, but one thing I know, "The Lord will provide," for "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

But about these negroes. Hardly a day passes but what I hear somebody say: "I wish to the Lord that they were all out of the country." I don't know about that. The iron makers and miners and lumber men and railroad men and the big farmers would object, for their labor is both useful and profitable. I wish we could scatter and apportion them all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There are at least 500 in this little town that we would like to spare, but we would like to pick them. There are no doubt 10,000 in Atlanta—mostly young bucks and wenches who have been educated and are now vagabonds—parasites who live off the labor of good working negroes just as the vagabonds do here. We have many good negroes here who are good citizens and give no trouble, and they are our draymen, our carpenters, carriage makers, blacksmiths, barbers, gardeners, cooks and washerwomen. These trades are shut out to them at the north, but the north keeps on sending money down here to educate them and to keep their leaders in line politically. The truth is that all this devilment that has of late so agitated our people comes from politics. It is planned and designed for party purposes and Mr. McKinley was a party to it when he appointed negroes to be postmasters and revenue officers in white communities. I have had no respect for him since he did it. They say that he has quit it, but he has not apologized. How much longer is he going to keep that educated negro politician in office at Hogansville? And yet there are thousands of democrats, men and women, in Atlanta who gave him welcome and threw him flowers and shouted "All hail McKinley!" I've no respect for them, either. I want to live long enough to see a man in the presidential chair who is far above such machine politics. They say they want to break up the solid south and yet they do the very things to keep it solid.

But my wife is calling me again. She says its about time for me to begin to water the roses. It takes about fifty buckets of water every evening, but the hydrant is near by and I don't mind it. The little chaps try to help me with little buckets and they get their clothes wet and of course I am soaked for it. If they get dirty or take cold or run at the nose it's all my fault. They say that I spoil them so nobody else can do anything with them. I don't care. They shall have a good time as long as I live, for there will be trouble enough after I am gone.

Next to "sticking up" for this country the average American is active in sticking up for his own town, and in order to do this most effectively he seems to regard it necessary first of all to make the world think it big in the matter of population. Quantity is the thing that counts in this particular, and if quality is not lost sight of completely it is at least very lightly passed over. The disposition to exaggerate in making estimates of population is well illustrated by the publication of a table in a recent number of the American Land and Title Registry. The mayors of nearly all the American cities that had population of 10,000 and upward in 1890 have given figures that they think will be justified by the census of 1900, and the conclusions arrived at are, in some cases, ludicrous to say the least. Detroit, for instance, had a population of 205,876 in 1890. The mayor of that city estimates that it will have 425,000 inhabitants next year, which will be a gain of more than 100 per cent. in a single decade. Detroit has never made any such gains in the past, and there is no apparent reason for concluding that its growth has received a sudden impetus which would warrant the claim to such a population as is predicted for the place in 1900. The mayor of St. Louis is another hopeful soul. He places the probable population of the Mound City in 1900 at 1,000,000. In 1890 St. Louis had a population of 451,770, so that if the mayor's estimate is well founded the town will show about as great a growth during the ten years ending in 1900 as Chicago did in the decade between 1880 and 1890. This is extremely improbable. St. Louis had no such suburbs to annex as Chicago had, and the growth of the Missouri town itself has never been anywhere near as rapid as that of this city. In this connection it is interesting to note that a popular estimate of the population of St. Louis in 1888 was 500,000, which was nearly 50,000 more than the United States census showed two years later. At the time—1888—Chicago's population was estimated at 800,000, which was nearly 300,000 short of the number of inhabitants given this city by the census enumerators in 1890.

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A Word From the Hero Himself.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: In response to your request that I should give a sketch of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia it has occurred to me that as the subject proposed is too large for a newspaper article, some incidents, showing the duties, the gallantry and the performances of those serving in that arm of the service, would not be unwelcome to many of my old comrades on the occasion of our next reunion.

While the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia could not compare in numbers with the infantry nor rival the brilliant achievements of those incomparable wearers of gray jackets and bearers of bright bayonets, still I hope to show that the duties of the trooper were more arduous than those of their comrades of the infantry, and that through all trials they were brave and true—they thus proved themselves not unworthy comrades of that "incomparable infantry," which has left a record of unequalled and immortal honor.

The cavalry were the "eyes and ears of the army," they kept watch and ward while their comrades slept. As pickets they guarded against the dangers of a surprise. Important information was often given to our commanders; on many occasions large quantities of arms and ammunition were turned over to the general stock; wagons and mules in numbers were brought in. In one instance about two hundred of the former and about nine hundred of the latter, and on one occasion, at least, they gave to their comrades of Lee's army beef enough to allow a ration of one pound a day for forty days to 50,000 men! Beyond those services they really did fight sometimes, though their comrades of the infantry had their jest that no dead man with spurs on was ever seen! But that this harmless jest was without foundation is proved by the graves of many of the noblest men of the South who fell in the cavalry, and by many a mourning heart throughout the borders of our Southern land.

South Carolina bears her full share of this deep and lasting sorrow, for many of her gallant sons who served in the cavalry died for their State and for our cause. One regiment of South Carolina cavalry, dismounted, and behind only a frail rail fence, repulsed seven furious charges of an overwhelming force, leaving on the field 133 of its men, dead and wounded. One brigade of cavalry, in which were two South Carolina regiments, had twenty-one of its twenty-three field officers killed or wounded during the Gettysburg campaign. These were the men who bore sabres and wore spurs!

But the highest qualities of a great leader and the gallantry of men who would face any danger can be best shown by quoting from a report of a fight made by Gen. Rosser, than whom there was no better soldier in the cavalry corps:

"Gen. W. H. F. Lee, with his command, was on the occasion referred to at Hanover Court House, while some other portion of the cavalry corps were near Atlee's Station. On June 1, 1864, Lee was attacked by Wilson's division's division, when he fell back in the direction of Ashland. Moving to his assistance with three regiments of Rosser's brigade we struck the rear of Wilson's column as he was following Lee. This column was charged by Rosser as soon as it was discovered, and it was thrown into confusion. Following up his success, Rosser pressed the enemy vigorously, and in the series of brilliant charges—some of which were over dismounted men—he drove Wilson into Ashland, capturing prisoners from eight different regiments, about 200 horses and many arms."

The report of this affair, which I regard as one of the most brilliant during the war in Virginia, is given to show what could be and was effected by cavalry. One other point should be mentioned that regarding the number of prisoners taken by the cavalry in the last campaign. The returns of these are not full, but the report of the provost marshal, and those of commanding officers account for 11,000. In the movement from Columbia to North Carolina, when Wheeler's command served with me, three or four thousand prisoners were captured, so that in the last campaign, beginning on May 3, '64, more than twice as many prisoners were taken than there were men in our whole cavalry corps.

During that fearful, dying struggle of our heroic army, Gen. Lee issued many congratulatory orders to the cavalry, and after the war, in a letter to myself, he paid a compliment to the cavalry corps, which should compensate every living soldier of that arm of the service for all the sacrifices made by him. In this letter after giving what he thought were the causes of the discomfiture of our troops at Petersburg, he said: "If you had been there with all of our cavalry, the result at Five Forks would have been different." So, old comrades of the cavalry, let us be content that we tried to do our duty, and that our immortal chief paid to us the highest honor that was in his power in speaking thus of his cavalry. WADE HAMPTON.

Growth of American Cities.

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Would Abolish Chairs.

An eminent English physician, Sir James Crichton Browne, announces that men and women would derive great benefit from sitting on the floor instead of chairs. Women would benefit even more than men by the practice. The position of sitting on the floor or the ground is more natural than sitting in a chair, he says. It was once general with the entire human race. It is both healthy and natural. The exercise of getting up from and down to the floor is beneficial. Through the general adoption of the sitting position among the civilized races many muscles have become stiff or obsolete. Persons who sit on the floor have strong back and thigh muscles. Turks, tailors and shoemakers are examples of this fact. If you sit on the floor you can change your attitude as often as you please and can enjoy an endless variety of pose, and however often you alter it there is never any chance of your falling off. If you sit on the floor you can achieve all kinds of comfortable positions, which it is impossible to obtain even with the easiest of easy chairs. The influx of visitors need never cause anxiety to the well constituted mind on the subject of chairs. All he has to provide is a quantity of cushions—cushions of every size and shape. Let the guests select any they please, and it will be their own fault if they are not comfortable and happy.—Philadelphia Record.

The greatest town building record in Oklahoma has been won by Mountain View, Washita County. Monday, May 8, the town site was a prairie. The same day it was surveyed and platted and a large portion of it sold and settled. The town in one day became a city of nearly 800 inhabitants, with a mayor and full complement of councilmen and minor officers of an organized town. Some of the lots sold as high as \$900 within 30 minutes from the time the surveyor drove his stakes.

Leeches, when applied to persistent cigarette smokers, drop off dead, distinct traces of the dangerous oil given off by tobacco being found in them. Strangely enough, the same experiment tried upon excessive pipe-smokers resulted in no apparent injury to the leeches.

Nursing your anger is nursing a viper.

A Tandem. What woman in all the wide world would not be glad to be a tandem for two happy, healthy, prattling babies? Nature whispers the sweet assurance in a woman's ear that soon a means shall be found by which the stranger will come to caress with baby fingers her cheek and neck, she makes the fondest preparations for its arrival. Everything that a woman's fancy can imagine is provided for the new-comer's wardrobe. Nothing is overlooked save one thing, and that one thing is the most important. Too many mothers forget that baby's strength and health, its ability to withstand the usual ailments of childhood, and its vigor and welfare, as a man or woman, are dependent upon her own health and physical condition during the period of prospective maternity. If, during that critical time, she is weak, sickly, nervous and despondent, because of troubles peculiar to her sex, these conditions are bound to have their influence upon her baby's health. Neglect of these conditions invariably means that baby will be weak, puny and peevish. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing cure for all troubles of this nature, and it will reinforce a woman's bodily and nerve strength so that she can safely undergo the trials of maternity. It gives health, strength, vigor, elasticity and endurance to the organs specially concerned in motherhood. It gives bodily and nervous hardihood to the child.

"After using fifteen bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and a few vials of your 'Pleasant Pellets,' I am entirely cured of uterine trouble. I had suffered for nearly three years." writes Mrs. F. W. Fogel, of 273 Highland Ave., Newark, N. J. "I had such terrible bearing down pains that I could hardly walk. My back and head ached, had terrible cramps in my legs, was very nervous at times, and felt miserable. With my first child I had to be chloroformed and the child was delivered with instruments. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' with my second child, and instead of suffering for two days, I was in labor only an hour, and a beautiful child was born. I was able to leave my bed the fifth day. I commenced your medicine about four months before confinement. My baby is three months old now, and is a fine, big, fat baby. I am in very good health; have no more pains or aches. I would be pleased to advise any woman who suffers as I did to use your medicine."

If you want Bargains go to CHEAP JOHN'S, The Five Cent Store.

If you want SHOES cheap go to Cheap John's, the Five Cent Store. For your TOBACCO and CIGARS it's the place to get them cheap. Schnapps Tobacco..... 37c. Early Bird Tobacco..... 37c. Gay Bird Tobacco..... 35c. Our Leader Tobacco..... 27c. Nabob's Cigars..... 1c. each. Stories..... 4 for 5c. Premio or Habana..... 3 for 5c. Old Glory..... 10c. a pack. Arbuckle's Coffee 1lb. pound No. 9 Coffee 9c. pound. Soda 10 lbs. for 25c. Candles 6c. per pound. CHEAP JOHN is ahead in Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Box and Stick Blue—in fact, everything of that kind. Good 8-day Clock, guaranteed for five years, \$1.95. Tinware to beat the band.

JOHN A. HAYES. W. G. McGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank—ANDERSON, S. C. Feb 9, 1898 33

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought. CASTORIA. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

To the Unshod, Bare-backed, and Hungry Population: HEAR us for our cause, for our cause is your cause. It is unseemly for a great and powerful nation to shake from its feet its sandals, to divest itself of its clothing and to scrape the bottom of the flour barrel in its efforts to eke out a living on blackberries and melons. We are no Filipinos. What, then, shall ye wear and wherewithal shall your appetites be clothed? Varily, if ye would walk in pride, like the strutting peacock, ye must FEEL like strutting. No man putteth on a paper-bottom shoe, clotheth himself in shoddy raiment and eateth black flour goeth out to parade himself as a "good feeler." But he that wears our all-leather \$1.00 Shoes, buys our Standard Dry Goods and eats only Dean's Patent Flour, is a hummer with chin-whiskers, and his name shall be Rockefeller, Mathusalem or "something better." We'll SAVE YOU MONEY and a peck of trouble. DEAN & RATLIFF, THE BARGAIN PRINCES. Parties owing us for FERTILIZERS will please call in and give Notes for same at once.

MOLASSES, MOLASSES. If you need a Barrel of Molasses you can't afford to buy until you have seen us. We have just received a big lot—all grades—and know we can please you in both quality and price. Also, new lot of— Shoes, Dry Goods and Notions. That we will sell cheap, and we have a few Shoes and other Goods that we are still selling at 50c. and 75c. on the dollar. Here are only a few prices: Muscovado Molasses..... 33c. per gallon. Good Molasses..... 12c. per gallon. Good Coffee..... 11 lbs. for \$1.00. 40c. Tobacco in 10 lb. Caddies for..... 30c. Jeans Pants..... 40c. Shirts..... 15c. FLOUR, CORN, MEAT, LARD, Etc., AT BOTTOM PRICES. Yours for Business, MOORE, ACKER & CO., EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE—CORNER STORE. FREE CITY DELIVERY.

FOR.... Fancy and Staple Groceries, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Tobacco, and Cigars. COME TO J. C. OSBORNE. South Main Street, below Bank of Anderson, W. H. Harrison's Old Stand. Phone and Free Delivery.

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A SAUSAGE BY ITS ULSTER! Neither can you fix the value of a BICYCLE by its Enamel. SENSIBLE people want SAFE BICYCLES, and safe Bicycles must have the best material, the most careful construction, and must be made by people who know how—makers who have learned by experience. We care interest careful people in the construction of— CRESCENT AND VIKING BICYCLES. If they will give us the opportunity. We'll show what goes into them, and explain why they are better than others. Come and see us. Sullivan Hardware Co. Headquarters for everything in the line of Bicycle Sundries and Fittings. W. W. SULLIVAN, Manager Bicycle Department.